

# JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. 21.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1879.

NO. 1.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT JASPER,

DUBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY  
**CLEMENT DOANE.**

OFFICE.—IN COURIER BUILDING ON  
WEST SIXTH STREET.

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## ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES.

For Township Officers, each \$1.00  
For County " " " 2.50  
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**W. R. OSBORN,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Office located in Jasper, and offers his professional  
services to the public, and will endeavor to merit  
a share of patronage.

Office on Eighth street, in the rooms for-  
merly occupied by Dr. Welton. Residence  
on the corner of 7th and Newton streets.  
Sept. 14, '78—15.

**W. A. TRAYLOR. W. S. HUNTER.**  
**TRAYLOR & HUNTER,**

**Attorneys at Law,**

JASPER, INDIANA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Dubois and adjoining  
counties. Particular attention given to col-  
lection. Office one door East of the St. Charles Hotel.  
14 26, 1878—19.

**CLEMENT DOANE**  
**Attorney at Law.**

JASPER, IND.

WILL practice in the Courts of Dubois county, and  
adjoining counties. Collections and probate busi-  
ness made a specialty.  
Office in the "Courier" building, West Main Street.

**A. S. LAGLE,**  
**Attorney at Law,**

JASPER, INDIANA.

WILL practice in all the Courts of Dubois and ad-  
joining counties. Collections and probate busi-  
ness made a specialty.  
OFFICE.—South side of Public Square.  
Nov. 15th, '78—19.

**BRUNO BUETTNER,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW**

And Notary Public,

JASPER, INDIANA.

WILL practice in all the Courts of Dubois and ad-  
joining counties, Indiana. Jan 9, 1874.

**J. F. DILLON. C. H. DILLON.**  
**Dillon & Dillon,**

**ATTORNEYS AT LAW.**

OFFICE over Jas. Trozier's Saddler Shop.  
JASPER, INDIANA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Dubois and adjoining  
counties. Sept. 29th, 1876—77.

**UNION HOTEL!**

**JOHN BETZ, - Proprietor,**

WEST SIXTH STREET,

**JASPER, IND.**

THIS is a new house with good rooms, well  
furnished, and will be kept in good style,  
and charges reasonable. Horses well taken  
care of.

**PUBLIC PATRONAGE SOLICITED.**  
Sept. 7, 1877.

**NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP**  
**WM. GASSER,**

North Main Street, opposite the Post Office.  
JASPER, INDIANA.

Has built and opened a new shop for all kinds of  
smith work. His long acquaintance with the  
citizens of Dubois county, and the well known good char-  
acter of his work, he trusts will give him a liberal share  
of patronage. His prices will be made to suit the times.  
Horse shoeing and ironing of wagons or heavy  
goods promptly attended to.

## PARTY GOING.

By KANA KAPU.

When once in the vortex of fashion,  
How soon the course downward begins—  
Leaving the Farm.

Party going, at best a bad habit, and  
when not extra good worse than serv-  
ing out a ten years sentence in the peni-  
tentiary for horse stealing.

Every thing in this world should  
serve to elevate mankind and place the  
human race on a higher plane. Do  
social parties accomplish this end? We  
know not what others may think or  
answer, but we say that they rather tend  
to lower the scale than elevate it. The  
assertion is useless unless it is backed  
by some proof, what proof do you ask  
for, we need not go farther than your  
own door for it.

Would you compare the young man  
of to-day, the modern youth, with the  
youth a hundred years ago. If so be-  
hold the difference, the young man of a  
hundred years ago staid at home, thou-  
sands never went to a party in their lives.  
And what kind of men were they? They  
were honest men [by this we do not  
wish to say that the men who attend  
parties are ALWAYS dishonest]; they  
were men who lived by honest toil; they  
were men the country could depend on;  
they were men that paid their debts;  
they were men that were not ashamed  
to wear jeans clothing, when paid for,  
rather than broadcloth with a tailor's  
mortgage on them.

What are the party going men of to-  
day? They are, usually upstart dandies  
who are ashamed to own their parents,  
but are ashamed of nothing else; they are  
young men who if thrown on their own  
responsibilities would become tramps  
within a week's time, and the next step  
takes them to the penitentiary or scab-  
fold and they die an ignominious death.

Look for one moment at the vast  
number of intelligent men that social  
parties and their influences have  
brought to an untimely grave.

The victim is first invited to attend an  
evening entertainment, he is reminded  
by some special uninterested friend  
that it is the custom for each gentleman  
to take a lady there and back, and that  
he is expected to conform to custom.  
At this the young man runs his fingers  
through his hair, throws himself back  
and begins to think who in the deuce  
and Tom Walker he can get to go with  
him; ten chances to one his choice will  
be some gay flirt of the neighborhood,  
an invitation is sent by some errand  
boy, and the young man waits with  
throbbing heart for the answer, it comes,  
he is accepted [one never falls when he  
first starts out to get any lady he de-  
sires] and requested to call at a suitable  
hour; this is the young man's doom and  
he has a gay time; everything works to  
make him happy; he accompanies his  
lady home, hardly venturing to give her  
a farewell kiss this night, but parts with  
a sweet good night and an invitation to  
call again and spend an evening. As  
he goes home he feels like a new man,  
and he mumbles "why in the deuce didn't  
I get in before?" then the evening's per-  
formance comes up before him, and he  
determines to call on this lady love of  
his, they will go together henceforth;  
yes, young man but don't you fool your-  
self; all the parties within his reach he  
will attend, come what may.

Saturday evening he goes and calls on  
his "lady love" as he now calls her; she  
meets him all covered with smiles and  
paint, but he doesn't see the latter; very  
likely he will remain with her a couple  
of hours and then make known his in-  
tention of departing for the night, when  
she suddenly (?) forgets something and  
requests him to remain a few min-  
utes longer, and then she leaves the  
room, but soon returns with some wine  
and bids him to drink. Very likely the  
young man has often declared that he  
would never drink any wine, beer or  
brandies of any sort, his pledge im-  
mediately comes before his mind, and his  
conscience bids him keep his pledge,  
which says "drink, drink and be merry  
while you may, for to-morrow you die."  
The lady holds the glass of red sparkling  
wine up to him with her delicate, white,  
lily like arms, and says, "drink my  
health, will you not?" he takes the  
glass and merely repeats the question of  
the poet:

"Can hands so white have a taint of sin?"

He then bids her an affectionate good-  
night and departs; he is not so happy  
now as he was the first night, but the  
devil has excuses enough to run the  
world night and day, and he makes use  
of them, and the young gent is hastily  
excused. This course is continued and  
every party is attended by him and the  
gay young flirt he has for a partner. He  
is at once set down as a party man, a  
ladies man, and so he is. Things worked  
this way very well for a while, and then  
his lady love takes fancy to some other  
fellow and the old one is dropped, or  
left in the lurch to get out the best way  
he knows how, and that night he don't  
feel so very well when he walks home  
by himself; very likely he hangs on

some corner and softly repeats Shake-  
spears:

"Woman, woman, take and fair,  
Thou hast filled man's heart with black despair;  
Thou hast sent their souls in drowsy train  
Thou couldst have sent to Heaven as well."

When along comes some acquaintance  
who has been through the mill, he tells  
his whole story; the acquaintance laughs  
at him and tells him that it ain't anything  
at all; a man that attends parties soon  
gets used to heap worse than that, the  
young fellow declares that he can't get  
use to such, and that he don't intend to,  
and, moreover, he is going to have a  
settlement in full with his gay doctress  
his friend laughs at him again, and in-  
vites him over to some neighboring  
saloon to take a glass of wine; he has  
taken several from his lady love and he  
can surely take one from an old friend  
(?) and over they go once in the cellar  
they find every thing arranged for per-  
sonal comfort and convenience. A  
glass of wine is taken, then one of ale,  
and then a part, but once there they  
will go again and continue to go until  
death overtakes them, and another life  
is lost to the world, all from the effect  
and influence of a social party and a  
social glass with a lady. Then again,  
as long as a man attends parties he is con-  
tinually deviled and tormented by some  
seemingly friends, and when you see a  
man big enough fool to attend parties,  
you will see one big enough goose to  
think over what this or that one has  
said, and he will lay awake all night  
thinking over it—that much sleep lost  
and no good from it. His companions  
devil him over getting left with this or  
that lady, and he visits a saloon and  
there drowns his sorrow in the wine  
cup; here he meets men that treat him  
as a friend, and as he drinks he will  
sing—

"I'll hang my head on a willow tree,  
I'll go to the wars again;  
The freckle-faced girl who charms for me,  
The battle field no more."

For the lady I love will soon be a bride,  
With a diamond on her brow,  
Oh! why did she flatter me so much?  
Ah, yes! "why did she flatter my  
bovish pride?" he exclaims. "She's  
going to leave me now." He drinks  
again and is off for business once more,  
but the course downward is begun. He  
dashed madly into the vortex of fashion  
and she was soon dressing him down-  
ward. And all through an invitation to  
attend a social party.

JASPER, Jan. 1st, 1878.

## Christmas at Duff.

Merry Christmas, merry Christmas,  
has been repeated and re-repeated, and  
now that the noise has subsided, how  
memory goes back to the dear old times,  
and the presents, and the Christmas din-  
ners of long ago, the turkey, the meta-  
cious, apples and the doughnuts of our  
dear mother's cooking—huge doughnuts  
that in these desecrated days would be  
looked at as a means of disposing of  
flour, when the market is overstocked  
with that commodity of commerce; and  
I remember yet of the cake of maple  
sugar and the interesting little book,  
with stories about dogs, that Santa  
Claus brought, and the handkerchief  
about the size of a napkin with the  
picture of George Washington in the  
center, smiling benignly on the big and  
little aches that adorned the border.  
Ah! me, I send a sigh to the joys of  
the past. We are told that it is more  
blessed to give than receive. I am afraid  
my friends haven't covered themselves  
with blessings this time, as I haven't re-  
ceived a single present, and the ginger  
cakes and candy have gone the way of  
all good things. SIC TRANSIT GLORIA  
Thursday morning.

The scholars are having some very  
interesting spelling bees at our school-  
house now; I attended one, and found  
that spelling is not the best of my  
genius, as I had to retire ignominiously  
to my seat from the first heat, with a  
clatter of syllables as long as I have  
many eyes you dot, and trace you cross,  
or how many unnecessary letters you  
extraneous in this communication. Josh  
Billings made a fortune by bad spell-  
ing, but I can't make anything that way  
unless it is to make a mummy of myself;  
but Mr. Doane, don't you think I farm  
myself with Webster's Dictionary, that  
by the time I use it all up the appendix  
to writing for the Courier, I could pay  
my subscription? Comprenez vous?

The young folks had a dance last  
night at R. C.—an old-fashioned cotillon  
dance, and all enjoyed themselves till  
the "wee small hours of morning," and  
the cakes and pies were scarce after the  
dancers made an onslaught on them,  
and the wounded from falling were  
able to eat. Doremus didn't go; I sup-  
pose he effectually conquered Satan by  
staying away. Then we have our  
Debating Society, which meets every  
Saturday night. The subject of discus-  
sion at the last meeting was "Art or  
Nature," and nouns, verbs, pronouns  
and adjectives fairly rained till the sum-  
mit of eloquence was reached. You see  
we have plenty of amusements in Kan-  
sas; consider yourself invited to come  
out and freeze your nose and catch a  
cold, and enjoy a "feast of reason and a  
flow of soul" at our debate.

NANCY SORDIKE.

## Township Institute Farce.

TOPKA, IND., Dec. 14th, '78.

MR. EDITOR.—I will give you an ac-  
count of almost a tragic death of the  
Boone and Madison townships Institute  
which occurred at Schoolhouse No. 4,  
Madison township, in the presence of  
some of the wise and learned of the two  
townships, also an idea of its dying  
struggles.

Institute was called to order by Vice-  
President Brown, at 8 1/2 a m. sharp. At  
nine o'clock Fin Bixler and Doremus were  
taking their faces in spelling books  
looking on terribly. Silence prevails to  
the space of two hours, then the pine  
wise look at one and the other as if to  
say, "We will sharp the townships out  
of the dollars." Spectators became rest-  
less until E. G. Hobbie breaks the silence  
by saying, "If this ball we had better  
go home." At 11 1/2 o'clock Frank Bixler  
proposes that the Vice-President give  
written topics. Vice-President Brown  
assigns to R. A. Bollen, Physical Geog-  
raphy—Ocean Currents. R. A. Bollen  
arising says, "One, six who heads arise;  
two, forms across to the recitation bench;  
three, six heads descend; then R. A.  
Bollen comes to the seat says: "I be-  
lieve that the topic assigned me is  
Physical Geography—Ocean Currents."  
Well, that's all I want with you. One  
six who heads arise; two, six figures  
cross the room; three, six heads de-  
scend. All seemed to enjoy the affair  
happily. Your correspondent feeling  
mutilated, cannot refrain from thinking,  
Oh, Lord! how long are these abomi-  
nations to continue? How long wilt thou  
permit ignorance to hold in broad day-  
light and be rewarded from the county  
funds? Silence prevails for one-half  
hour—Vice-President arising says,  
"There is no law for me to compel you  
to do other than as I can hold quaker  
meeting as long as any of you. Motion  
to adjourn is now in order—another  
half hour's silence at this function.  
Frank Bixler arising says, "We have  
all come here for a purpose." Your  
correspondent thought yes—the dollars  
in it. R. A. Bollen arises—"I am now  
willing to go to the old programme."  
Frank Bixler arising, asks "What is the  
old programme?" Bollen—"One ought to  
remember for ones self as they ought  
not to patent. I suggest that each give  
their topics." Vice-President calls for  
topics: Bollen, Physical Geography—  
Ocean Currents; Frank Bixler, Physi-  
ology—Nervous System; Emma Hone  
Grammar—Pardner; Wm. Young, His-  
tory—French and Indian War; Brown,  
Reading. R. A. Bollen takes his class  
through in seven minutes. Bixler  
moves to adjourn, for dinner, seconded  
by Miss Emma Hone; thereupon R. A.  
Bollen moves to not adjourn, at all;  
seconded by C. D. matt. I thought  
what next when that came out. Cer-  
tainly this is compared ignorance. Vice-  
President states motion and they vote,  
Bollen's motion carries; he looked as  
though he had gained a wonderful  
victory. Frank Bixler immediately  
took charge of his class and drilled it for  
seven minutes. Institute then adjourned  
at one o'clock to meet at the Rising Sun  
School-house, Jan. 11th, 1879, at 8 1/2  
o'clock a. m. Your correspondent is  
anxious to see the Secretary's report of  
their Institute; so doubt it will read  
right; we will see who catches the bait.  
Now, Mr. Editor, I think that the Tax  
tees ought to be raised on this matter and  
call all teachers to account who claim  
pay for the 14th day of December, 1878.  
How are the tax-payers to keep from  
being imposed upon in this way, as this  
day has cost the two townships about  
fifteen dollars? Who is to bear the  
blame for this conglomerated mass of  
nonsense and its degrading influence?  
OBSERVER.

## Pensions and Bounties.

MR. EDITOR.—Congress is now in  
session, and the last Congress had several  
important bills left over which they  
should have passed, and soldiers will  
not get their rights until Congress  
passes those bills or something similar.  
One was the equalization bounty bill,  
which was vetoed by President Grant,  
providing for the payment of \$3 33 1/3 per  
month for time served which was just  
to all. Another bill which provided  
for the payment of back pension money  
or payment of pensions from date of death  
or discharge, no matter when the ap-  
plication was made, which is right and  
just, as the way it now stands, when  
application was not made within five  
years from date of discharge, the pen-  
sioner only draws pay from date of ap-  
plication, if the pension is allowed.  
These bills should become law and  
soldiers and their heirs will not get  
their rights until they do. There are  
over a million and a half of soldiers,  
who have arms in the army, and who  
are voters, and as Congress belongs to  
the people, with the soldiers make use  
of their influence to have the above  
bills to become law this winter? Com-  
rades, you have rights, ask that they  
be granted.

A SOLDIER.

## Burning Bread.

Quite recently a Nebraska paper con-  
tained the following notice:

"The people of Iowa and Nebraska  
will burn corn this winter. Reason,  
because of its abundance and the exor-  
bitant rate charged for transportation.  
Corn can not be shipped, and we have  
more than we can use."

To the average thinker the Nebraska  
paragraph is suggestive. In Iowa and  
Nebraska there is absolutely no market  
for corn. In Nebraska when the crop  
reaches 10,000,000 bushels it is quoted  
at Omaha at 6, and the reason assigned  
for this state of affairs is that transpor-  
tation rates are so exorbitant that the  
markets of the country and of the world  
can not be reached. The commodity  
will not pay for transportation and leave  
any margin whatever to the producer.  
While corn is worth nothing in Ne-  
braska and Iowa, labor is worth nothing  
in every portion of the country. Thou-  
sands and tens of thousands of men  
with families dependent upon them  
can not purchase food at any price, for  
they have no employment, and hence no  
money. But we have got gold to par,  
and resumption is practically inaugu-  
rated. We are burning corn; have got  
bought to \$2 per hundred pounds gross at  
the feeders' pens, and the product nearer  
nothing as it has been for twenty years,  
without buyers—and this is the state of  
things the radical party, aided by Sher-  
lock financiers, has inflicted upon the  
country. This is the era of prosperity  
that forced resumption has produced.  
Bread worth nothing, meat so cheap as  
to almost stagger belief, industries near-  
ruined, labor increasing, labor pleading  
for employment, hunger, poverty, and  
more in all of the centers of population,  
while John Sherman insists upon a  
policy that increases the needs of the  
situation, and Sherlock with their hands  
in exultation. Under such circumstan-  
ces burning bread in Nebraska and Iowa  
can not fail to attract attention. It  
looks like a crime, but if the corn is not  
burned it will rot. Capitalists will not  
invest in corn, railroads will not trans-  
port it, and millions of idle men and  
women are too poor to purchase it.  
Sherlocks have forced resumption over  
ruined fortunes, prostrate business  
and paralyzed industries, until the fam-  
ers of the west burn their corn while  
Sherlock's foreclose their mortgages, and  
the Sheriff's hammer repeats the old  
story of "going, going, gone!"—Ind.  
Sentinel.

## The Garden of Dubois County.

This beautiful garden is washed on  
the north by the tranquil waters of  
White river, bounded on the west by  
Dubois county, on the south by Madison  
and Bainbridge townships, on the east  
by Harrison township. It is the small-  
est civil township in the county.  
Though small as it is it pays a greater  
amount of taxes than any other division  
in the county, exclusive of incorporated  
towns. Why is this the case? Simply  
because her soil exceeds all others in  
fertility and cultivation. The surface is  
undulating; there being no land which  
is not tilable; neither is it too low or  
too high for culture. Fine farms of do-  
minious tracts cover the undulating por-  
tions. Springs of excellent water pour  
forth from almost all the farms. Suffice  
to say, that if the waters springing from  
the many hundred springs which dot  
the form of S. Bixler's heirs were col-  
lected together, would be sufficient to  
supply the whole population of Dubois  
county with pure unadulterated crystal  
water.

Farming is the chief pursuit of the  
people, but it is carried on scientifically.  
Many of the best farmers in the count-  
y are to be found here. Fine and elegant  
well-painted mansions mark the varie-  
landscapes. Some of the most excellent  
dwelling in the county are to be seen  
here. The people are generous, frugal,  
thrifty and generally well educated.  
No tramps. No sots. Education is  
made a specialty. More school teach-  
ers have been sent from this township  
than that of any other—not boasting.  
Only one town of any note, and there  
can be no well defined reason given  
why it is not or may not be the empor-  
ium of Dubois county, considering its  
locality, situated as it is upon a gradual  
slope from White river, varying in  
height from fifty to a hundred feet  
above high water mark and surrounded  
on all sides by one of the best grain  
producing regions in the State. All  
that is required to make it the metropo-  
lis of Dubois county, is free communi-  
cation with the outside world, and  
capital to start the wheel of manufac-  
tures.

ANON.

## To Doremus.

Yes, I have my corn gathered. Will  
you please visit some other crib where  
corn is more plenty after this. If you  
would raise and gather our own corn  
your neighbors will be much obliged.

For the Courier.